

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1908

NO. 50

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Several New Ordinances Introduced---A. Schmidt Appointed Garbage Collector-- Bills Allowed

The Board of City Trustees held its regular weekly meeting last Monday night.

A petition from business men located in the vicinity of Grand and Linden Avenues, asking that rock be placed on the crossings at that point, was presented, and after its reading by Clerk Smith was, upon motion, referred to the Street Committee.

The Southern Pacific Company was granted permission to connect a lateral sewer leading from the new depot to the main sewer at the foot of Grand Avenue.

A. F. Schmidt, John Guerra and H. McMahon were nominated for the position of Official Garbage Collector. Upon a ballot being taken, A. F. Schmidt was elected.

City Marshal Kneese reported that \$632.25 had been collected by him for liquor licenses issued during the month, which amount had been turned over to Treasurer C. L. Kauffmann.

Treasurer Kauffmann reported that he had received same.

A report was received that the newly appointed Board of Health had organized by electing Dr. D. B. Plymire President and Geo. Kneese Secretary. The other members of the Board are E. E. Cunningham, Wm. Hickey and E. N. Brown.

President Hynding reported that he had gone to Redwood City on that day and learned that County Auditor Underhill had not received the tax books from Tax Collector McCracken soon enough to be able to find out how much unexpended money there was in the First Township road fund that this city is entitled to.

Trustee McSweeney reported that the Southern Pacific Company was doing a first-class job on the main sewer through the railroad embankment at the foot of Grand Avenue.

Several bills that had been presented at previous meetings were allowed by the Board and the Clerk instructed to draw warrants on the Treasurer for same.

Ordinance No. 7, prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons, was adopted. The ordinance is printed in another column of this issue of THE ENTERPRISE.

New ordinances were introduced as follows:—Fixing salaries of city officers, other than Trustees; providing how demands shall be made against the city for supplies furnished; providing license tax for all kinds of business and peddlers.

Class A liquor licenses were granted to Stephen A. Parr and G. Mazetti.

Reported Married.

G. E. Britton, principal of the South San Francisco school and president of the Board of Education, is reported to have married Miss Ethel McIntyre, of San Mateo, in San Rafael on October 10th. The witnesses to the wedding were Hattie Stevens and Louise Stevens.—Redwood City Democrat. Mr. Britton, on being interviewed by a representative of THE ENTERPRISE in reference to the foregoing report, declined to make a statement for publication.

Reduced Insurance.

Thos. B. Kimbley, surveyor for the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, was in South San Francisco a few days ago obtaining data in reference to insurance risks in this city. Mr. Kimbley says that a 25 per cent reduction in insurance rates has been made in some parts of California, and that shortly the same reduction will be given this city.

Do a little side work for The Enterprise, and earn some easy money. See ad on page 6.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Residents of South San Francisco are asked to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South San Francisco can be of material help.

J. J. Toomey, of Santa Clara, was a visitor to this city on Thursday.

E. H. Daummann of San Pedro was a visitor to this city on Tuesday.

The proper caper now is to go on the sunny hillside of our city and gather mushrooms.

Services will be held tomorrow morning at the usual hour at Grace Episcopal Church. Rev. J. C. Astredo will be in charge.

The bazaar and social given by Grace Guild at Metropolitan Hall last Saturday afternoon and evening were very successful affairs.

Don't fail to attend the Operetta given by the Schuster Company on Saturday evening, December 19th at Metropolitan Hall. General admission 25 cents.

Judge James Hannon, of Redwood City, was in South San Francisco yesterday. He presided in place of Judge McSweeney in the battery case of Piva vs Nealis. The trial was set for December 19th.

The pastor of St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church will speak Sunday evening on "No More Sea." The public is invited to attend. Sunday school at 10:45 a. m. Epworth League meets at 6:30 p. m.

The automobile races at Tanforan Park last Sunday drew many hundred people. Through bad management contests did not start until late in the afternoon, and many of those who attended were disappointed and left the park.

J. B. "Pop" Seivers, of San Bruno, who fractured one of his ribs from being thrown from a wagon some weeks ago, thereby compelling him to be confined at home, was a visitor to South San Francisco on Tuesday. He was greeted by his many friends here who were glad to see him about again.

Our jovial townsman Deputy Sheriff Emil Daneri became a benedict last Monday when he was married to Emma A. Engel of Santa Clara. Emil has been kept busy during this week receiving the congratulations of his many friends. THE ENTERPRISE wishes the bride and groom a long life of wedded bliss.

The Women's Improvement Club held a business meeting at Guild Hall last Wednesday afternoon. It is reported there will be a good balance of money left after paying for all the expenses connected with Cleaning Up Day and the additional help employed subsequently to cart away the garbage that was left over. The Club may use the funds to purchase suitable ornamental trees to be placed along some of the city streets by property owners. The plan probably will be to purchase them by wholesale and sell them at cost to those who wish to plant them. It is suggested that an Arbor Day be held in South San Francisco, when a general holiday will be declared and everybody will get out and plant the trees. No choice has been made by the Club yet as to what character of tree will be selected.

A Connecticut man will have to kiss the first seven cows he meets, as the result of an election bet. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should interfere.

Black and white silk mufflers and reefers, 50 cents to \$3.

W. C. Schneider. *

RESTRAINING ORDER SERVED ON SUPERVISORS

South San Francisco Will Get No Unexpended Moneys From First Township Road Fund

Papers in a suit brought by Geo. Lowens of Colma were served upon each member of the Board of Supervisors last Monday morning enjoining them from making any appointment of Justice of the Peace or Constable in either the First, Second or Third Townships. County Clerk Nash also received a copy of the papers.

The notice to the Supervisors requires them to appear in the Superior Court on December 17th, to show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

On being called to order the Board received and accepted the resignation of G. A. Carson, Justice of the Peace for the Second Township, and appointed W. G. Loveland in his stead.

When the Vista Grande incorporation matter came up several protests were presented. After considerable discussion, action was postponed to the regular meeting in January.

J. J. O'Brien, of the company engaged in the construction of the court house, applied for an extension of six months in the time allowed on the completion of his contract, pleading that the Board itself or through its agents had hindered his company in the work. The matter was laid over until next Monday.

A proposition from the Sunset Publishing Company of San Francisco to advertise the county through its publication was also laid over.

J. Nealis was granted one week's further time to finish the bridge near Colma, the recent bad weather preventing the work.

The Clerk was directed to notify Samuel R. Crooks of the First Township to appear and sustain his petition for the reopening of a road giving access to his property.

Auditor Underhill reported to the Board that there was no unexpended money in the First Road District fund that was applicable to the benefit of South San Francisco, therefore the petition of the officers of this city was denied.

District Attorney Bullock was called upon to advise the Board regarding the removal of the license of Daniel McSweeney from the Union Hotel in South San Francisco to the Valley Hotel on the San Bruno road in Visitation Valley.

The report of the several county officials were received as follows:

License Collector McCracken has issued 5 retail liquor licenses for \$600,

and 11 special liquor licenses, \$33; total \$633. Retained \$63.30 commissions and paid treasurer \$569.70.

The same officer as tax collector, has received for State and County taxes \$247,327.65; Redwood City, \$14,930.10; Redwood City Annex, \$6283.95; total, \$268,541.80.

Treasurer Chamberlain reported as follows upon the county finances: Cash on hand October 31, \$238,551.97; receipts \$28,038.94; total \$266,590.91. Disbursements, \$34,811.95; balance on hand, \$231,778.96.

Health Officer Plymire presented the following: I herein submit my regular report for month of November. There is scarlet fever in the north end of the county, with a few cases of measles and smallpox scattered throughout, and two cases of diphtheria in the south end, all of which have been properly cared for and quarantined. I have issued 567 burial permits and collected \$567 therefor, and two disinterment permits for which \$20 has been collected. The money has been paid into the county treasury.

County Clerk Nash reported the collection of \$181.60 as fees and \$26 library fund tax.

Recorder Johnston collected \$822.40, fees during November.

After allowing claims the Board adjourned to Monday, December 14th.

The Enterprise is giving away money. See ad on page 6.

See the great offer of gold coin The Enterprise is making for new subscribers on page 6.

Drayage —AND— Expressage Kauffmann Bros.

Light and Heavy Hauling promptly attended to. Baggage and Freight transferred to and from Railroads, Hotels, Residences, Etc., at reasonable rates.

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Phone. Main 224 Grand Ave.

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A tin can is a poor place;
A MONEY BELT is not a Safe place;
But THIS Bank IS a good place, and a SAFE place.

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier

South San Francisco

Railroad Time Table

BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:13 A. M.
7:23 A. M.
7:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
8:03 A. M.
8:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
9:23 A. M.
10:08 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
12:53 P. M.
3:01 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
5:23 P. M.
7:03 P. M.
7:13 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVES

6:57 A. M.
8:37 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
2:18 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:57 P. M.
6:47 P. M.
12:02 P. M.
(Theatre Train)

SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
10:15 A. M.
(Sunday only)
11:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
12:40 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
4:20 p. m.
6:20 p. m.
7:19 p. m.
(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:50 a. m.
(except Sunday)
9:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
10:20 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
11:35 A. M.
(Sunday only)
2:30 P. M.
5:25 p. m.
(except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:30 A. M.
2:30 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
3:00 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

County Officials

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnston
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman
Health Officer..... D. B. Plymire, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Eikerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweney
Constable..... Bob Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermon at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:45 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer service Thursday at 7:45 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

Love and the Locksmith.

By Edward Waring.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Jimmie!"

Little Mrs. Barron's voice rose shrill and anguished.

"I don't care," insisted Jimmy Barron. "I said 'dam that lock,' and you ought to be glad that I said no more!"

"It is the first time you ever darned anything I wanted you to do," reproached Mrs. Barron. "You don't love me any more, Jimmy."

"Great heavens!" cried the exasperated Barron. "Of course I love you, Nettie, but when you ask me to stop and fix this lock when I have an appointment with Chilvers at the office at 10. Anyhow, it's the janitor's business to keep the locks in repair."

Nettie turned away with a little, hurt cry. This was worse than the remark which had started the trouble.

To leave her to the tender mercies of the janitor was rubbing salt in the



"I HAVE GONE TO MOTHER'S."

wounds, and as Barron gave his wife a hasty kiss and hurried down the stairs he told himself that he would send a locksmith around to attend to the matter at once.

Of course the janitor was there to make repairs for the tenants, but he was a surly fellow whose breath smelled strongly of drink, and Nettie Barron was afraid to admit him to the cozy little apartment they called home.

For more than a week they had been having trouble with the lock that Barron had added to the fastenings provided by the landlord. There was a burglar scare in the city, and apartment houses were the favorite points of attack.

Jimmie felt that, having spent the better part of Sunday afternoon putting the lock on, Nettie could not very well expect him to keep it in repair. Thus had started the first quarrel they had had since their marriage, and Barron took the car downtown feeling anything but at ease with all the world.

The Chilvers interview was satisfactory in the extreme. It was late in the afternoon when the details were concluded, and Jimmie had entered upon a contract which meant the successful outcome of the business venture in which he had engaged.

To cap the climax it had been arranged that Chilvers, who was an out of town man, should spend the evening at the club with Jimmie, so it was past midnight when Barron reached home.

The elevator stopped running at 12 o'clock, and Jimmie toiled up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Pinned to the door was a sheet of paper and on it the words, "I have gone to mother's."

Jimmie felt the cold perspiration bedew his forehead. It had come, then. He always had thought that "going to mother's" was merely a creation of the newspaper humorist, but it was true. Nettie had probably grieved over his refusal to fix the lock and had ended by going home to her mother.

Mechanically he turned and descended the stairs. He did not want to enter the deserted apartment. It was some no longer with Nettie gone. He did not know just where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do, but he wanted to get away from the place where they had been so happy together; he wanted to walk in the cool night air and to realize what it all meant to him. He was passionately attached to Nettie, and he had not dreamed that they ever could be separated.

He thought dumbly of the dark, silent apartment and shuddered. He would have to move from there and go to a hotel to live. He never could enter the deserted home again. It would

be like violating the tomb of their dead happiness.

He did not blame Nettie, but he bitterly reproached himself. He knew how timid Nettie was. She had feared the surly looking janitor, and she could not even speak of burglars without a little shudder, and her husband had brutally told her that he would be darned if he would fix the door and had hung away, leaving her with only the insecure protection of the flimsy lock provided by the landlord. And this was a lock that even a child could open with the blade of a knife when the Yale lock would not work.

Perhaps the burglars had come. He rather hoped they had. He hoped that they had taken everything. It would be horrible to have to give directions for the storage of the furniture which they had selected with such loving care.

There was a sentiment attached to every chair, and tears started in his tired eyes as he remembered the little footstool Nettie had insisted upon buying, though she would not tell him what she wished it so particularly for.

It had become her favorite seat when he came in tired from the office, and she cuddled down against his side, the golden head resting comfortably on his shoulder while he told her the story of his day. He changed his mind about the burglars. He did not want them to carry off the little footstool.

As he pondered the situation Jimmie trudged onward and gave no heed to his direction. It was almost with a shock that he found himself turning in at a gate and realized that mechanically he had walked all the way to Nettie's mother's, three long miles.

There was a light in the window of the room that had been Nettie's in their courtship days. He recalled the nights when he had passed the house just to see the light in the window and to know that all was well with her.

Now there was the light, but nothing was well. For an instant a woman's form was silhouetted against the shade, and Barron came to a sudden decision. There was an all night drug store on the corner. He would call her up and sue for pardon.

It seemed hours before there was an answer to his ringing, but at last it came, and it was Nettie's sweetly serious voice that replied.

"It's Jimmie," he said brokenly. "I got your note."

"It served you right," said Nettie severely.

"I know it does," admitted Barron. "I really meant to send a man around, but the Chilvers matter drove the thought from my head and I forgot all about it."

"You have only yourself to blame," she reminded. "I asked you hundreds of times to fix the lock."

"Only about eight," corrected Barron, "but I was a brute not to do it the first time you asked. After this you won't have to ask me to do a thing a second time, dear."

Barron regarded himself in the mirrored wall contentedly. It was an inspiration to treat the matter as though there had been no separation.

"Did the burglars get in?" asked Nettie interestedly.

"I don't think so," was the eager response. "But look here, Nettie. If I promised that I will always do the thing you ask me to will you—be friends again, dear? When I came home and found that you had left me I broke down. I walked out here from our place and never realized that I had walked so far until I found myself turning in at your gate."

There was a choking sound over the wire, and Jimmie looked hopeful. If she was crying it was a sign that she might relent.

"Where are you now?" asked the voice.

"Down at the corner," was the prompt reply. "Won't you let me come over and see you, dear?"

"You may come," assented Nettie, and Jimmie tore out of the place without even stopping to hang up the receiver. He sped up the street, and a few moments later he was on the steps and Nettie was standing in the doorway to welcome him.

As the door closed behind them a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck and soft lips pressed his cheek.

"Jimmie, you're the absurdest boy," declared the little wife lovingly. "You didn't even try to get in the flat, did you?"

"What was the use when you were not there, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"You would have found out why I came to mother's," she explained. "Your horrid lock worked when I went out, but when I came home not even the janitor could make it unlock, and it was too late to find a locksmith, so I came on to mother's and left that note for you."

"And you were not angry? You didn't leave me?" demanded Jimmie.

"How could I?" she asked simply. "You were a bad boy, Jimmie, but I love you, dear."

Jimmie took her in his arms. "I want you always to love me," he said,

"and I'm going to buy you a dozen locks in the morning. What is that quotation about love and the locksmith?"

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death In Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draft ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big caldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are railroading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, encircles you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials In Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany."

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary."

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal."

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries."

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenberg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Emilia Silva, sometimes called Amalia Silva, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of E. F. Fitzpatrick, Fitzpatrick Building, No. 10 Broadway, Redwood City, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California. ROBERT A. SILVA, Administrator of the estate of said deceased. Dated, Redwood City, California, November 11, 1908. Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for said estate. Nov. 14-5t

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

MINA LOOMIS, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY H. LOOMIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of San Mateo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

James B. Feehan, Attorney at Law, 407 Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to Harry H. Loomis, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within said county, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint. Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, this 4th of December, A. D. 1907.

[SEAL] JOS. H. NASH, Clerk, By A. L. LOWE, Deputy Clerk. James B. Feehan, Attorney at Law, 407 Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Plaintiff. Nov. 7-10t

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AND CANDY STORE

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Waiting Rooms Attached for Ladies

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Sunset Shaving Parlor

MANUEL MONIZ, Prop.

316 Grand Avenue, South San Francisco

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

FOUNDERS OF THE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

THE SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY designed in its original plan to make of South San Francisco a great manufacturing center. With that object in view, it originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo County, on the bay front, five miles south of the City of San Francisco. Since the original purchase, the company has added greatly to its holdings by the purchase of large tracts of adjoining lands, giving to it a perfect environment for the complete development of a great manufacturing city.

The faith which this Company had in its enterprise has been manifest to everyone by the large expenditure it has made in the development of this property. Every foundation which goes to make a perfect condition for manufacture has been already solidly installed, and

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

is a rapidly growing city; it is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to Town, and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent Water Works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a Bank and a Town Hall; and a population of over 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where everyone may secure lands at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The completion of the Bay Shore Tunnels has placed South San Francisco on the main lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and forty passenger trains per day connect it with the outside world.

With the completion of the Dumbarton Bridge and Cutoff, now rapidly being constructed, South San Francisco will have all railroads which center in San Francisco passing through its midst.

Many industries are already established here, chief of which are the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Soap Works, the Baden Brick Company, Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, the South San Francisco Lumber and Supply Company, and other enterprises, all of which are in full operation to-day. The American Smelting and Refining Company has purchased over 300 acres of land in South San Francisco for the purpose of erecting a great plant, which they estimate will cost upwards of \$5,000,000. The Doak Sheet Steel Company has purchased a large tract of land and has already commenced the construction of a large rolling mill. Other factories have recently made purchases, and South San Francisco is plainly destined to fulfil all that its promoters had hoped.

For Manufacturing Purposes, South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE
HOGS
SHEEP
and
CALVES

HAMS, BACON,
LARD AND
CANNED MEATS

PACKERS OF THE

MONARCH
and
GOLDEN GATE
BRANDS

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County,

California

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
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One Year, in advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 00
Three Months ".....50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1908



"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine."

Abe Ruef has been at last convicted.

THE message of President Roosevelt is his valedictory as President to the American people.

It is worthy the man and the occasion.

President Roosevelt in his final message to his countrymen sounds no uncertain note. He is of the positive, earnest, upright kind and his message is of the same kind.

Congress will do well to consider and heed the President's farewell advice.

On Sunday last there was on Grand Avenue, in this city, a noble display of automobiles and a very ignoble exhibition of automobile bad manners.

The autos on their way to the Tanforan races went and returned by way of Grand Avenue. All day a long procession of these horseless carriages went flying down our principal street and returned in the afternoon.

Our people were delighted with the brave spectacle and enjoyed the show. They were entirely willing that the main street should for the day be given over to automobiles, but they were not willing to have these ponderous machines leave the street and take to the sidewalks.

For a full half mile on Grand Avenue, where the street was muddy, the autos ran on the sidewalks, driving our citizens and other pedestrians into the street.

When remonstrated with these city fine folks became rude, coarse, insolent and abusive.

It is to be hoped that the samples we had on Sunday are not a fair measure of automobile breeding and manners.

In one instance the drivers and occupants of these devil wagons came in contact with one of our merchants, who proved a match for these trespassers upon the rights of our people, and were obliged to take to the middle of the street under the compulsion of the argument of last resort.

"For more than two hours last night two hundred commuters fumed and fretted on board the ferryboat Yerba Buena, while that vessel lay helplessly inert, gripped in the clinging mud just off the Alameda mole. It was the second time that the Yerba Buena had become stranded during the last week."—S. F. Examiner, Dec. 10, 1908.

The transbay commuter's lot is not a happy one. In fair weather and favorable conditions, the trip from the San Francisco ferry slip

to the Oakland or Alameda mole, consumes a full half hour.

During heavy fogs there is the peril of collisions, such as occurred the past week.

Then there are frequent delays of from one hour to three or four caused by accidents to ferry boat machinery or being stuck in the mud, as happened to the Yerba Buena the other night.

The easy and obvious way of escape from all the loss of time and peril to life, is a home on this beautiful peninsula.

The Bay Shore Railroad has opened this salubrious district from South San Francisco to San Jose and brought it within easy reach of San Francisco's home-seekers. The San Francisco commuter can now enter a comfortable car at Third and Townsend streets and in seventeen minutes will be in the City of South San Francisco. He will be here in half the time it would take him to cross the bay or to reach that portion of San Francisco about Golden Gate Park.

The tide of suburban travel must soon turn from Oakland and Alameda to this side of the bay. The advantages of a home on the peninsula to city people are too obvious and too attractive to be long overlooked.

AUDITOR UNDERHILL informs the Board of Supervisors that there is no unexpended money in the First Road District fund for the benefit of the City of South San Francisco, and thereupon the application of this city for the funds due it was denied.

It may be that a statement of all the facts may make this matter clear and show no wrong done to the taxpayers of this city. Such statement is due our people. Nothing else will do.

The law does not allow the Board of Supervisors to contract debts or liabilities for any purpose which exceed the income or revenue for the fiscal year. The moneys this city claims are the moneys derived and to be derived from the assessment of taxes for the present year. These taxes were not payable until after the date of the incorporation of this city. How is it possible that the entire assessment for the road fund could be legally expended months before the end of the fiscal year? The law provides that the auditor shall make, at each regular session of the Board, a statement "showing the aggregate amount of allowances against each fund and of salaries and liabilities fixed by law, paid or payable therefrom, since the beginning of the fiscal year, together with a statement of receipts of each fund for that portion of the year already elapsed and an exact estimate of the revenue for the remainder of the year apportioned to the different funds, based upon the receipts for the corresponding portion of the preceding year. Whenever the Board shall have levied the State and County tax for the fiscal year, the auditor's estimates for the remainder of the year shall, as to receipts from property tax, be based upon the assessment roll and tax levy, deducting ten per cent for the anticipated delinquencies.

"Up to and including the first day of January in each fiscal year, the Board shall have no power for any purpose to contract debts or liabilities in any manner or for any purpose, nor to make any allowances against any funds, which with all the debts and liabilities previously incurred and with all allowances previously

made, and salaries and liabilities fixed by law payable therefrom, shall exceed seventy per cent of the auditor's estimate of revenue for the year, except to build or repair roads and bridges which have been destroyed or made impassable by flood or fire. Any debts or liabilities contracted in manner or for any purpose and any allowances made contrary to the provisions of this section shall be null and void and the auditor shall not draw his warrant therefor nor the treasurer pay the same."

The foregoing is the law of this State and it appears in the statutes and amendments to the Codes 1907, pages 377 and 378.

The law restricts the contraction of debts and liabilities by the Board up to and including the first day of January and in each fiscal year to 70 per cent of the auditor's estimates of revenue for the year. In view of the restriction how is it possible that the road fund for this fiscal year has been expended entirely? It is incumbent upon the Trustees of this city to look into this matter thoroughly and see to it that the rights of the taxpayers of this city are protected.

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

It Sheds Some Side Lights Upon Life and Morals.

For a few dazzling side lights upon life and morals apply to the storage warehouse. You can find almost anything there from baby alligators to blocks of ice cream and from Teddy bears to sauerkraut. So you won't be amazed at what the institution has most recently divulged. Here you have the story:

Mrs. Q. repaired to the storage warehouse to extract her soup spoons, though it may have been aunts or uncles or popcorn or guinea pigs. At any rate, her property declined to come out. It had been tucked in by Mr. Q. Only Mr. Q. might tempt it forth. Mrs. Q. protested. She wanted her catnip or theology or safety razor, or whatever it was, and made representations with great emphasis. She stormed and wept. After long wrangling the warehouse decided it would yield up the college ice—or was it the piano?—If Mrs. Q. would swear she was still married to Mr. Q. and would send him a written statement (he was in Quebec, and I lost track of him owing to bewilderment produced by merely thinking of a storage warehouse) and make him return the statement, countersigned, to the management. This, then, is how Mrs. G. regained possession of her golf links or prayer book or sugar tongs. Well, say it was sugar tongs, though golf links would be likelier.

Pressed for an explanation, the warehouse remarked: "Have to be careful, you know—divorces, separations, affinites, you know. Minute such things start up there's a race to the storage place. Game is for each to snatch out everything first. Becomes embarrassing!"—Boston Transcript.

An Aquatic Outfielder.

One day a ship was lying at anchor at Boca Grande when the crew observed a dolphin chasing a flying fish, both coming directly toward the ship. On nearing the vessel the flier arose in the air and passed over the bow just above the foremast. As it did so the dolphin went under the ship and, coming up on the other side, sprang from the water and caught the flying fish on "the fly" just as it was curving gracefully down in its descent to the water.—Punta Gorda Herald.

Not at a Loss.

Miss Azure Hose (from Boston)—Is your doctor's strong point diagnosis? Mrs. Jones (from Plainville)—No, I guess it 'tain't. Leastwise, he don't never prescribe it, much.—Baltimore American.

Diplomacy.

Maud—Do you mean to say that you actually proposed to him? Belle—Yes; but, my dear, he was so dreadfully rattled I made him believe he did it himself.—Boston Transcript.

A Heavy Load.

Pop (looking up from the paper)—I see there's a new baby hippopotamus at the zoo. What are you laughing at, Johnnie? Johnnie (who is almost as bright as he looks)—I was just laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hippopotamus!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How a Girl Throws.

Perhaps a better title would have been "How a Girl Doesn't Throw," because it is well known that a girl cannot propel a ball or anything else like a boy. Most people—and all boys—conclude that this defect arises from clumsiness, but that is a mistake.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back, with the upper part of his arm about at a right angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist.

The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

First Victory of the Revolution.

The importance of the assault upon Fort William and Mary is generally overlooked by historians. The demonstrations against various British armed vessels, beginning with the firing upon the schooner St. John in July, 1764, as well as the battle of Alamance, in North Carolina, in 1771, were essentially local and were so far removed from the Revolutionary period that they produced no appreciable effect upon the war itself. The "Boston massacre" was the repulse of a mob by a squad of British regulars, but at Fort William and Mary the royal standard was lowered for the first time, and the gunpowder taken therefrom was burned by the patriots at Bunker Hill. The king recognized in the daring assault the inevitability of the impending struggle. There is truth in the claim set forth on the tablet on the old Fort Constitution of today that the site marks "the first victory of the American Revolution."—Army and Navy Life.

A Pretty Warm Fish.

A well known fisherman was fishing for perch and was seated along the edge of a lake near the roots of a large tree, which was a favorite spot for the perch. Luck had been only fair, and he was debating on the question of hauling in the line and going home when there came a powerful tug.

He knew that he had a huge fish and struggled vigorously for twenty minutes before he landed his prize. It was a sunfish, one of the largest he had ever seen. He landed it on the bank, and then he noticed that the rays from the fish were so powerful that he was almost blinded, and the grass in the vicinity was shriveled up by the heat.

A few minutes later the man fell over. He had been sunstruck by the sunfish and was beyond hope.—Philadelphia American.

Startling.

A gentleman opened a letter addressed to his son containing suggestions from a friend to the latter for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and frightened upon reading the following dreadful words:

Dear Bob—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a madhouse. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is far too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off and send you back the "fatal dagger" afterward by post. Yours,

JACK.

—London Express.

Burning Heretics.

The following items, copied from the municipal records of Canterbury by an English magazine, show that the burning of heretics in 1535, the time of the genial King Henry VIII., was an inexpensive amusement:

To bringing a heretic from London.....14s. 8d.
For wood to burn him.....2s. 0d.
For gunpowder.....1d.
A stake and staple.....1d.
Total.....17s. 5d.

Inspiring Hope.

The Doctor—Bear up. I must tell you the worst—you can't possibly recover. The Client—That's a pity, for if I'd lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune. As it is, I haven't a penny to pay you with, doctor. The Doctor—Well, now, don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try.—Illustrated Bits.

Envy.

"Don't be covetous," said Uncle Eben. "Envyin' what yoh neighbor has is mighty apt to put de opportunity in yoh neighbor's way foh handin' yoh a gold brick."—Washington Star.

You Stand by Your Home Town—



When you buy from a town merchant.

When you patronize a town tailor.

When you employ a town dentist.

When you encourage a town enterprise.

When you speak the town's praises.

When you subscribe for the town's newspaper.

Some citizens fail in some of these duties. A few fail in all of them.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

ORDINANCE No. 7

An ordinance prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons by persons not authorized thereto and providing punishment therefor.

The Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco do ordain as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person, not being a public officer or traveler, or not having a permit from the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco, to wear or carry concealed, within the limits of the City of South San Francisco, any pistol, dirk or other dangerous or deadly weapon.

Section 2. Every person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and be punishable by a fine of not less than fifty dollars (\$50.00), and not exceeding three hundred dollars (\$300) or by imprisonment not exceeding three (3) months or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Such persons, and no others, shall be termed "travelers" within the meaning of this ordinance, as may be actually engaged in making a journey at the time.

Section 3. The Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco is hereby authorized to grant written permission to any peaceable person, whose profession or occupation may require him to be out at late hours of the night, to carry concealed, deadly weapons for his own protection.

Section 4. This ordinance shall be published once in THE ENTERPRISE, a weekly newspaper, printed and published in said City of South San Francisco, and shall take effect and be in force on and after its passage.

Introduced the 30th day of November, 1908. Passed and adopted as an ordinance of the City of South San Francisco, at a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco, this 7th day of December, A. D., 1908, by the following vote:

Ayes, and in favor of the passage of said ordinance: Trustees Harry Edwards, Herman Cardes, Thomas Hickey, Andrew Hynding, Daniel McSweeney.

Noes and against the passage of said ordinance: Trustees, none.

Absent: Trustees, none.

Attest: WILLIAM J. SMITH, City Clerk and ex-Officio Clerk of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the San Bruno Hall Association will be held on Wednesday, December 23, 1908, at 8 o'clock p. m., in San Bruno Hall. All proxies must be registered by December 19, 1908, with the secretary.

San Bruno, Dec. 12, 1908.

By order of the Board of Directors, JOS. BIRKENFELD, Secretary.

E. M. A. PALLAS, President.

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

(The State Central Organization, organized 1902.)

"PROMOTION"—The act of promoting; advancement; encouragement.—Century Dictionary.

The Committee has for its object the PROMOTING of California's interests.

It has nothing to sell.

It fosters all things tending to the ADVANCEMENT of California.

It is authority on matters relating to California.

It ENCOURAGES the establishment of new industries and fosters those already established.

It invites desirable immigration.

It presents the opportunities and needs of all fields of business and professional activity.

It is supported by popular subscription and makes no charge for any service rendered.

It has affiliated with it two hundred commercial organizations of the State, with a combined membership of more than thirty thousand.

Meetings of representatives of these organizations are held semi-annually in different parts of the State, where matters of California interest are discussed.

Headquarters of the Committee are maintained in California Building, Union Square, San Francisco.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

A CYCLONE OF FLAME

Fires in Bamboo Forests Are the Fiercest Known.

SWEEP ON A MILE A MINUTE.

Like the Roar, the Roll and the Rattle of a Great Battle Is the Noise of the Exploding Stalks That Sometimes Shoot High Into the Air.

When the forests are afire, when the smoke makes dusk at noon and reddens the harvest moon a thousand miles away, there is the measure of a conflagration. When the prairies burn, as they used to before farms had crept in upon the endless miles of grass, there was a fire which ran like mad and left behind it a blackened trail of death. If one could combine the speed of the prairie fire with the tumult of the blazing forest, that would be a fire indeed.

Such a combination is effected when the bamboo groves catch fire. The bamboo is but a grass, a grass with the height of a tree, swaying stems reaching 100, even 150, feet in air.

In Cambodia, where the bamboo groves along the rivers cover the space of forests, it is no unusual thing for fires to break out and sweep all before them for many miles. If the summer has been dry the bamboo turns sear and inflammable as any grass.

All that is needed is a spark; then ruin runs red. It is not necessary to rely upon the carelessness of the woodsman to start the blaze. The bamboo can kindle itself.

Let two swaying stalks of dry bamboo be set in motion by the breeze, let one rub across the other long enough, and the friction will set the spark, and the long dry leaves will feed the flame. It is known that many fires of the bamboo forests thus originate. Perhaps it was from observing such a sight that primitive man learned the Promethean secret. That theory has been advanced.

As soon as a flame in the bamboos has crept to the level of the tossing tips it spreads like wildfire. The wind carries a sheet of flame along the grove at tremendous speed. Some observers say that such fires have been seen to move forward at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Seen from below, it looks as if she sky had burst into an instant flash of flame.

From such a burst of fire there could be no escape. Fortunately it passes high overhead at the tops of the bamboos. It serves as a warning to the traveler who may be making his way along some one of the water courses by which the forest is intersected. The bamboo itself is almost an obstacle to travel of any sort. It is well nigh impossible to force a way through it except by the slow and toilsome labor of hewing out a path.

The fire in the great trunks moves more slowly, and if warning be taken it may be possible to sink one's boat and throw up wet herbage and clay against the bank of the stream to provide shelter until the furnace blast has blown by. Such a fire in the bamboo has not only the speed of the prairie fire on its sweep overhead, but it has the same volume of fuel as is found in any forest fire. It combines the two types.

Bamboo forest fires have another quality which is all their own. They bang and rattle with thunderous crashes, as of artillery fire, without cessation.

The stalks of these tree bamboos are frequently more than a foot in diameter. Near the ground the joints are close together; in the younger growth the nodes may be several feet apart. But, long or short as they may be, each joint of the sun dried bamboo is a tightly sealed chamber filled with air. The partitions between the cavities are singularly tough; the outside rind of the stalks is almost pure flint.

When the blast of the flame sweeps onward the air in the stalks upon which it is driven is suddenly heated to a very high temperature. The residuum of moisture which may be in the stems is immediately transformed into steam and at once subjected to superheating, thus becoming a violent explosive. As the hot breath of the flame becomes hotter these joints burst with loud cannon discharges.

Sometimes the force of the explosion near the roots is so great as to shoot the stalk like a javelin high into the air, where it flashes into torchlike flame and is carried by the wind to spread wider disaster. The bursting of the smaller joints is like the roll and rattle of rifles and machine guns. The effect is that of a battle hotly contested.—Washington Post.

Cynical.

Sillicus—What do you consider is the proper time for a man to marry? Cynicus—Oh, I suppose when he hasn't anything else to worry him.—Philadelphia Record.

A TRIPLE SURPRISE.

It Came With a Pleasant Owing in a New Auto Car.

A well known author, who for some years has been an enthusiastic admirer of the automobile, had an amusing experience, which she describes in the Bohemian. A new model always attracted her attention, she declares, and when she came out of the New York hotel where she was staying and saw a fine new car standing unoccupied by the curb she stopped to admire it.

While I examined it and gazed with envy a friend, also interested in autos, came down the steps and approached the machine.

"Isn't it stunning!" he said.

I agreed enthusiastically and added that the machine was tantalizing me, as I did so long to take a spin, that my chauffeur was ill and that I was afraid to run my car through the city.

"Why, I will take you," he said. "I haven't anything to do this afternoon. Where shall we go?"

We got in, and I suggested Coney. To make a long story short, the delightful ride gave us an appetite. We stopped for dinner and then went out to Sea Gate to call upon friends. As we were crossing the bridge on our way home at about 11 o'clock my friend inquired, "At what garage do you keep your machine?"

At the question a terrible possibility dawned upon me, and with the remembrance of a certain unfamiliarity that he had displayed at the first in regard to the running of the car the situation became instantly clear. He had thought that the machine was mine, and I had been equally secure in the belief that it was his. In other words, we had calmly gone off with some one else's property.

You may imagine our feelings. We felt confident that we would be arrested on our way uptown. We rolled up to the hotel inwardly quaking. After much inquiry and explaining we found the indignant owner. Fortunately he knew me slightly and had a well developed sense of humor, in spite of a rather forbidding expression as we first faced him with our unfortunate story. I think he believed us.

His parting remark, however, was rather puzzling, although he said it with evident cordiality:

"Whenever you'd like to use the machine again just let me know."

The Call of Egypt.

Egypt calls even across the space of the world, and across the space of the world he who knows it is ready to come, obedient to its summons, because in thrall to the eternal fascination of the "land of sand and ruins and gold," the land of the charmed serpent, the land of the afterglow that may fade away from the sky above the mountain of Libya, but that fades never from the memory of one who has seen it from the base of some great column or the top of some mighty pylon; the land that has a spell—wonderful, beautiful Egypt.—Robert Hichens in Century.

A Holdup.

De Roads—Mister, I found the dorg your wife is advertisin' a reward uv \$5 fer. Mr. Jaw—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't gimme \$10 I'll take it back to her. See?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A SURPRISED CAT.

Gautier's Pet and Its Experience With a Parrot.

Of all cat stories the best is one told by Theophile Gautier, the French novelist. He kept many cats, the favorite being "Madame Theophile," and she was his constant companion by day and night. One day a friend, who was going away a short time, brought Gautier a parrot, to be taken care of during his absence. The bird, finding itself in a strange place, climbed up to the top of its perch in a rather frightened manner. Madame Theophile had never seen a parrot before and regarded the creature with manifest surprise.

After a period spent in profound meditation, summoning up all the notions of natural history she had picked up in the yard, the garden and on the roof, she plainly came to the conclusion that the newcomer was a green chicken. This result attained, the next proceeding of Madame Theophile was to lay herself flat on the floor, like a panther, watching her prey. The parrot did not like this at all; it ruffled its feathers and rattled its chain uneasily. Then Madame Theophile came creeping nearer, her nose quivering, her eyes half closed, while slight thrills of pleasure ran along her backbone at the idea of the meal she was about to make. Another moment and she sprang upon the perch.

The parrot instantly straightened up and said in a deep bass voice, "Have you breakfasted, Jacko?"

This utterance so terrified the cat that she sprang backward. All her ornithological ideas were overthrown. "And on what?" continued the parrot gravely. "On sirloin?"

The cat cast a glance at her master as if to say: "This is not a bird. It is a gentleman. It talks!" And then she promptly hid herself under the bed, and from that refuge she could not be induced to stir during the whole day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Adages of Morocco.

In an article on the people of Morocco a writer in Paris Figaro says: "They have some queer adages and some that closely resemble ours. Thus they say, 'The camel cannot see its hump, but plainly sees the one of its neighbor;' 'He who depends on his neighbor will go to bed hungry;' 'A wise enemy is better than a stupid friend;' 'Cross the rushing stream, but beware of the quiet, noiseless one;' 'In this world there are three things not to be trusted—luck, women and horses;' 'Mounting a horse, loosing the hunting dogs and hearing earrings rattle drive dull care away.'"

For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!" "Why, I always thought her most refined."

"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him.

"It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.

"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches.—German Proverb.

Up a Starfish Ladder.

Fishermen say that starfishes are gregarious; that you might find on the bottom an acre covered so thick with them that you couldn't walk without stepping on them, but not find another starfish for hundreds of acres around. This characteristic gregariousness the starfishes in captivity at the aquarium sometimes show, as when they assemble, as they may, all in one corner of the tank in the angle, tightly holding on there, one above another irregularly, but still close together from the bottom of the tank to the top.

And when they have assembled thus you may see another curious thing there—namely, green crabs climbing from the bottom to the top of the tank up this starfish ladder. The green crab is not one of the swimming crabs. When it goes anywhere it has to walk or climb, and so on the bottom it walks along, to climb when it comes to rocks or other obstructions. It cannot, however, climb up a vertical wall like that of a tank. But here the starfishes, one above another in the corner, make with their bodies and projecting arms convenient ridges that the green crabs can hold on by, and so they climb there up this starfish ladder, finding in this, it may be, some diversion, while as for the starfishes, they don't seem to mind it.—New York Sun.

A Bad Spell.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him."

"How?" "He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with and he wrote boney for bonny."

A wise man should not refuse a kindness.—Herodotus.

OLD VILLAGE LOCKUP.

Quaint Structures For Confinement of Rogues and Vagabonds.

Several villages in the midlands possess in more or less ruined state their old parish lockups, commonly known as roundhouses.

Breedon, a Leicestershire village, close to the South Derbyshire border, possesses its "lockup," a quaint stone building eighteen feet high and eight feet six inches diameter inside. The walls are fifteen inches thick. The door is of stout oak, studded with many large iron nails.

The lock is very strong, and the key-hole is covered with an iron plate, which itself has to be unlocked by a spanner before the door key can be inserted. Ventilation is afforded by small holes punched in an iron plate, six inches by seven, fixed in the center of the door. There is no window.

At Worthington, the next village to Breedon, the old lockup is a seven sided brick building, badly in need of restoration, an opportunity for archaeologists which it is hoped will not be missed. Both at Breedon and Worthington these diminutive disused prisons are on the roadside adjacent to the pound, or pinfold, so that the constable had conveniently side by side the strayed cattle and any human rogues or vagabonds he had charge of. There are similar old lockups at Smisby and Ticknall, two villages close to Leicestershire.—Sheffield (England) Telegraph.

The Prompter.

"I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."

"A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stocks are replete with holiday goods. Almost everything to eat, drink, wear or use in the home, under one roof.

California's Largest

The Emporium

America's Grandest

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

AMBROSE McSWEENEY

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

CONVEYANCING NOTARY PUBLIC RENTING

Office, 310 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco, San Mateo Co.

Local Agent South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company

PECK'S LOTS—ON EASY TERMS—SAN BRUNO LOTS

CHRISTMAS

The holiday season has many prospective buyers; that is, buyers out prospecting for something that may meet their needs. They will pass and re-pass the windows to see if there is something that they want for a suitable present for father, brother or sweetheart. Here are some classy suggestions. These are the latest from the market:

PRETTY HANDKERCHIEFS AND CHRISTMAS SUSPENDERS—GALORE

CHRISTMAS

is gleeful—a Fancy Shirt adds cheerfulness to your glee

One Dollar to One Dollar and a Half

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BOUNDING THE INFINITE.

Are the Number of Stars in Space Without Limit?

How many stars are there? It is not known, but most astronomers believe the number is not unlimited. The argument is that with an infinite universe of stars the heavens would be one uniform blaze of light. The more distant stars are, of course, dimmer; some are too far away to affect the naked eye at all, but no matter how slight the units an infinite number of them would produce the effect described.

As there is no uniformly blazing sky, the number of stars, though possibly immensely great, must be limited. This argument is supplemented by a similar one drawn from gravitation. Every star, no matter how distant, exercises its own power of attraction on every other heavenly body, including our earth.

However, as the earth's center is farther away from the attracting body than its surface is, particles on the earth's surface are attracted with greater force than those at the center, and the practical result is to lessen the force with which the earth's mass is held together.

Now, if the number of stars is infinite, this decrease would be so great that weight on the earth would practically cease to exist. Moreover, the same conditions would prevail everywhere throughout a boundless universe and probably all masses would be disrupted. That this result does not occur is a proof, we are told, that the number of heavenly bodies in existence is not infinite.

These arguments make certain assumptions that may or may not be granted; they can neither be proved nor disproved. The argument from light assumes that light waves are transmitted through space without loss; that from gravitation assumes that the same thing is true for gravitational attraction.

If light or gravitation is absorbed or lost in some way when passing from star to star, the number of stars may be infinite after all. At its best the speculation is more curious than conclusive.—Chicago Record-Herald.

STRENGTH OF AN EAGLE.

Wonderful Power in the Bird's Claws and Legs.

While I cannot give any positive proof of how much a bald eagle can carry, I should suppose, declares a writer in Forest and Stream, that he could carry at least as much in proportion to his weight as a hawk or a horned owl. I have the recorded weight of a male bald eagle weighing nine and a quarter pounds and a female weighing twelve pounds.

A horned owl will weigh from four to five pounds, and I have several times known one to carry off a large house cat. One cat was very large, and the owner told me he could hear the cat cry as he was being carried off. Now, any one who will weigh a large house cat will find it to weigh at least ten pounds.

I have seen a goshawk carry off a hen fully twice its own weight, and I have taken from a marsh hawk a very large chicken which would weigh more than twice what the hawk would. The marsh hawk is one of our weakest hawks, but he had carried this chicken over a quarter of a mile. My belief is that if a hawk or horned owl can carry more than twice its weight (and I know positively that they can) then an eagle could, if occasion required, do as much in proportion to his weight, which would be to carry eighteen or twenty pounds.

Once when an eagle, shot through the body with a rifle ball, lay on his back I up ended a long road skid and dropped it on him. Before it reached him he stretched up and caught it in his claws and held it the length of his legs above him. I walked up on the skid and stood above him, and he easily held me and the skid, which I should judge would weigh more than twenty pounds. I took pains to be weighed the same day and weighed 119 pounds. Put a stick in the claw of a wounded eagle and let him grasp a small tree with the other, and a man must be stronger than I ever was to take the stick from him.

Some Satisfaction in That.

Mrs. Hewligus—You say that if a burglar wants to get into the house he'll get in in spite of everything you can do to keep him out. Then what is the use of your taking so much pains to fasten all the doors and windows? Mr. Hewligus—I want to give him all the trouble I possibly can, blame him.—Chicago Tribune.

Those Dear Girls.

Maud—You say Jack once proposed to you. I don't believe it. He said I was the only woman he ever loved. Ethel—Yes, dear, but he didn't clasp me among women. He used to call me his angel.—Boston Transcript.

A CHINESE STORY.

The Way a Mandarin's Wise Wife Decided a Baby Case.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke, "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the two women in the outer chamber." This was done too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes to be put on the fish. "Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted no doubt by the wrappings in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the women threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her. And the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meanwhile the false woman crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—Bystander.

White and Red Wines.

White and red wines owe their difference to the fact that, while the former is permitted to ferment without the grape skins, these are allowed to remain in the case of the latter. The color of the grapes makes no difference whatever to the color of the wine which they produce, for the juice of all grapes is as nearly as possible colorless. For instance, the grape which yields champagne is almost black in outward appearance.

A Wedding Present.

A widower in Scotland proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said, but being pressed to name something she replied:

"Well, if you want to spend siller you might put up a headstone to my father."—London Telegraph.

The Ruling Passion.

"John! John!" called the excited little wife.

"W-what is it, Lucy?" muttered the big baseball player as he drowsily turned over in bed.

"Why, there is a man downstairs."

"W-what's he doing?"

"He's in the dining room after the plate."

"Trying to reach the plate? Put him out, Kelly; put him out at third!"—Kansas City Independent.

Reproved.

"I suppose," said the sad eyed youth at the musical, "you know the difference between bel canto and coloratura?"

"Young man," answered Mr. Cumrox severely, "I never bet on race horses."—Washington Star.

Practical.

"Darling, I mean to prove my love for you not by words, but by deeds."

"Oh, George, did you bring the deeds with you?"—Baltimore American.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

The man who uses a falsehood for policy, like the woman who powders, soon gets into the habit of putting on too much.—Pathfinder.



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This offer is open to all residents of San Mateo County, and especially to those living in the First Township, in which the towns of South San Francisco, San Bruno, Millbrae, Colma, Vista Grande, Hillcrest, Crocker Tract and Visitation are located.

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Address all communications to THE ENTERPRISE, South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

A PUZZLING CLIMATE.

The Curious Way Rain Falls in
Balmy Honolulu.

A PERPLEXING SPECTACLE.

Downpours Half a Mile Away That
Threaten to Drench You Every Moment,
but Never Arrive—A Riot of
Broken Up Rainbows in the Valleys.

The most perplexing thing about Hawaii's climate to the new arrival is the matter of rainfall. You begin to experience this perplexity before you have set foot on the dock at Honolulu, when you consult anxiously with your fellow travelers as to the advisability of digging out an umbrella or rainproof before you go ashore. The chances are that you are all convinced that the heavy veil of black clouds which shuts out portions of the mountain scenery from view and the few drops of rain which the fresh shore breeze dashes in your face like flashing jewels torn from that bit of rainbow are warnings too plain to be ignored, and you prepare accordingly for the downpour which seems imminent.

You observe with some surprise that none of the wearers of the dainty costumes you pass on the street appear to be in the least perturbed by the possibility of getting caught in the impending shower until after awhile it dawns on you that the storm keeps right on impending—and nothing more. As you ride in a street car along the flashing seabeach, vivid with color of breaking surf and of flowers in trees and hedges along the way, the sunshine never appeared so brilliant. But off to the left in a beautiful little valley tucked like a deep pocket in the mountains and seemingly scarcely half a mile away there can be no doubt of the fact that a good, heavy rain is falling. The sunlight striking through the falling drops fills the valley with a glory of broken up rainbows—a riot of color that causes one to gasp and exclaim in admiration. There can be no doubt that the rain we have seen falling is real and that it is as near as it seems, for the wind now and then carries refreshing dashes of it into the open car, causing a few of the passengers to change their seats to the opposite side. But still the street is perfectly dry and the sunshine as bright as ever.

Five minutes later we leave the car at the foot of a great jagged pile of volcanic rock that marks the vent of a prehistoric volcano, and the red base and sides which support a stunted, mesquite-like growth and a few cacti look as though they hadn't had a good shower for six months. And they probably haven't.

In time one learns that Hawaii's climate is purely a matter of locality; that the report of the rainfall for any given time, published by the United States weather bureau, does not mean for every place in the territory nor for the island of Oahu nor even for the city of Honolulu, but only for the place where the rain gauge stands. It would not be true for a place half or three-quarters of a mile away. One learns that he may live in Honolulu under very different conditions as to precipitation, according to location. In some of the valleys rain falls practically every day of the year and varies in amount in different parts of the same valley, which may be only a mile or two long. There are other sections in which the splendid lawns and bowers of green foliage which surround beautiful homes are only possible through constant irrigation. And there are to be found almost every degree of moisture between these extremes.

Like everywhere else, one finds people of every turn of mind in Honolulu as to the most desirable places in which to live. In sections where the rainfall may amount to two or three hundred inches per year vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly and with a minimum of attention. There is also an absence of humid feeling in the atmosphere or disagreeable dampness which one usually associates with much rainfall. This is accounted for by the fact that the rain comes in showers, of which a dozen or more may come in a day and may occur while the sun is shining brightly, while the never failing trade winds and a porous soil dry up the surface moisture within a few minutes after a shower has passed. The heaviest precipitation also usually occurs at night.

In the dry sections, if one has plenty of water with which to irrigate (and Honolulu has a splendid system of waterworks with ample supply), one may more easily control what he would grow and at the same time escape the inconvenience of off occurring showers. Some of Honolulu's most beautiful residence districts as well as the beautiful Kapiolani park, one of the most beautiful tropical gardens in the

world, was originally barren sand plains, practically devoid of vegetation and once thought to be worthless. The newcomer is often puzzled to hear an old resident refer to "the plains" when speaking of a section of the city in which are located some of the most magnificent homes and beautiful grounds in the whole territory.

The variation of rainfall, together with the difference in temperature due to elevation, give to Hawaii a diversity of climate that can scarcely be equaled in the world, lacking only in extremes of either heat or cold.—Will J. Cooper.

FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE.

Stormy Relations of the Miserly King
and the Lavish Author.

The world knows plenty about the elements of strength in the characters of great men, but less about their weaknesses. Here is a story that shows the other side of the natures of Frederick the Great and Voltaire:

Frederick the Great had a leaning toward literature. He wrote poems, plays and booklets that, in his opinion, possessed rare merit. So it seemed fitting to him that great literary men should fraternize, and he sent an invitation to Voltaire to be his guest. Accompanying the invitation was a sum of money to defray the great Frenchman's traveling expenses to the Prussian capital.

Let it be explained at this point that Frederick was extremely penurious and that Voltaire was not only extravagant, but had many of the characteristics of what we would now call a grafter. It should also be understood that Frederick despised grafting, and Voltaire abhorred miserliness.

Voltaire accepted the invitation—and then had an afterthought. Why not take a favorite piece with him? So he wrote to the king that if he would send an extra thousand louis he would bring the girl.

"Sir," replied the king, "I did not ask the young lady to do me the honor of visiting me, and I shall send nothing to pay her expenses."

"The old miser!" said Voltaire to a friend. "He has tubs of money in his treasury, yet will not grant me this wish."

However, Voltaire went to Berlin, but each found that he hated the other too much to make their friendship permanent.

The king once gave Voltaire a package of poems to revise.

"See," said Voltaire to a German nobleman, "what a quantity of dirty linen Frederick has sent me to wash!"

The king thought his guest was too free with the chocolate and sugar and gave orders that he be put on a restricted daily allowance.

Voltaire retaliated by gathering all the wax candles he could find in the halls and storing them in his trunk.

Soon the royal palace became too hot for him, and he began to pack up. Then Frederick missed his package of poems. At once he scented a plot. Voltaire intended to take the verses back home with him and palm them off as his own. Lord Macaulay has said that the poems were so bad that he was convinced Voltaire would not for half of Frederick's kingdom have consented to father them. But the king thought differently, being the author of the poems.

So the Prussian monarch had Voltaire thrown into jail at Frankfurt and kept him locked up for twelve days. Sixteen hundred dollars that was found in his pocket was taken away from him. The king in the days of their friendship had given Voltaire a life pension of \$3,200 a year, and the money that was confiscated was a semiannual installment.

Thus ended their friendship.—Scrap Book.

Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego, a man with but one eye is a tuerto, a pug nosed man is chato, one who is cross eyed is a bisojo, a cojo is a lame man, and a manco has but one arm. If he is humpbacked, he is a jorobado; if baldheaded, a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a" where the masculine terminate with "o." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.

"I have no patience with a man who makes the same mistake twice," said Armes, rather severely, in speaking of an unfortunate friend.

"Neither have I," agreed his wife, "when there are so many other mistakes to make."—Youth's Companion.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

As to Stage Fright.

"Stage fright" is surely among the most mysterious of sudden seizures. It begins when the actor or speaker thinks "they are not interested in me." It ends when he determines "I will interest them."—London Chronicle.

The Modern Child.

Little Girl of Four (standing entranced before the window of a toyshop)—Oh, mother, if you was my little girl, wouldn't I take you in and buy you some of these lovely things!—London Tatler.

Her Preference.

"I want to make a gift to Miss Passay," said Dumley. "I wonder what sort of animal she'd prefer for a pet?" "A man," promptly suggested Miss Knox.—Philadelphia Press.

A Tip.

"Look as if you was feelin' pretty good today, James," said the first waiter.

"Yes, tiptop," replied the other.

"Some streak o' luck maybe?"

"Yes, tiptop tip"—Kansas City Independent.

An Empty Form.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does it signify when one woman kisses another? Pa—About as much as when one man in business calls another "old chap." my son.—Stray Stories.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

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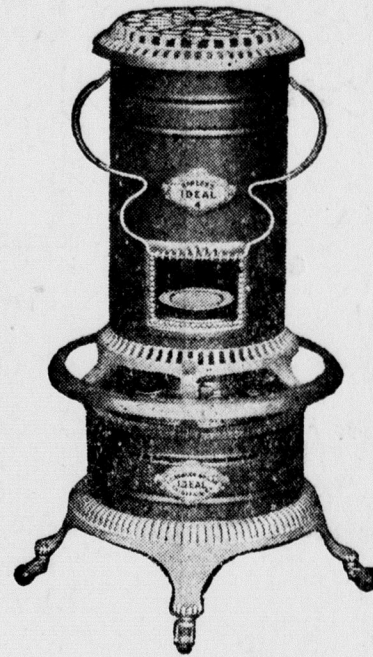
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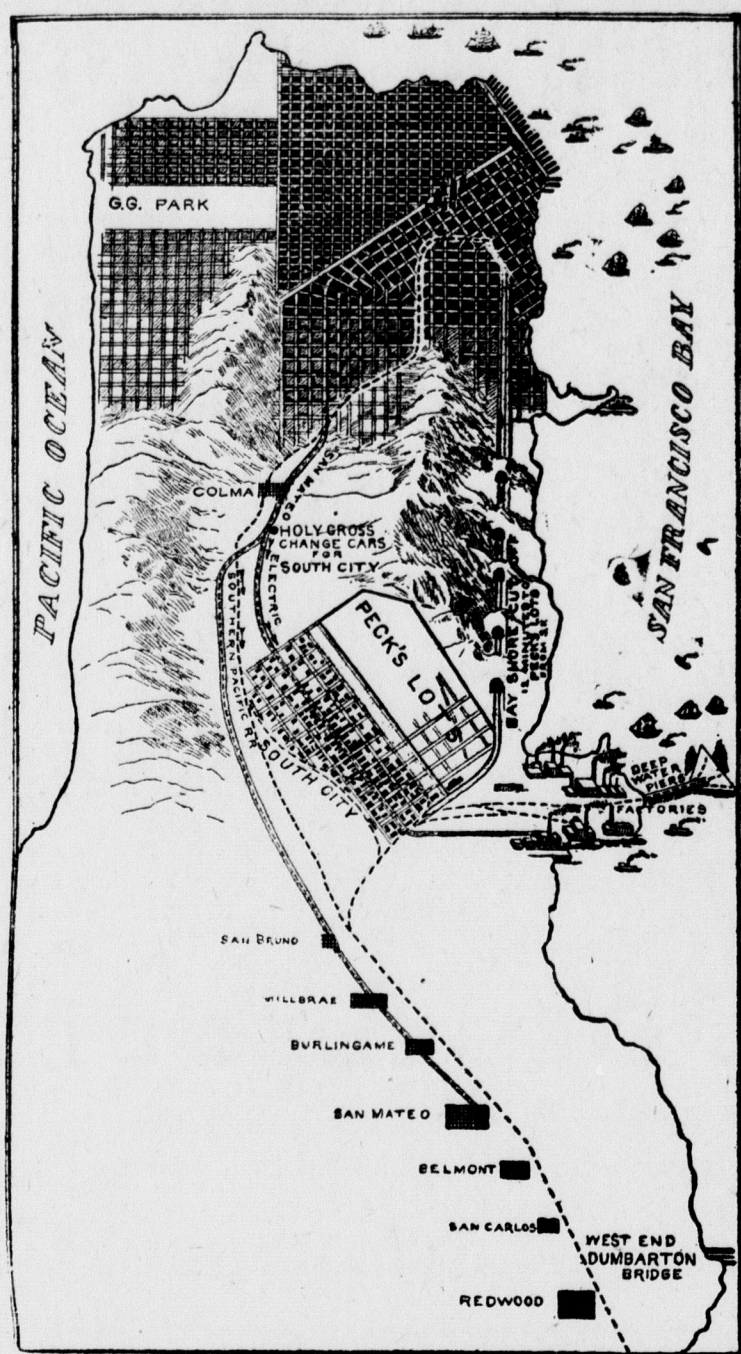
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The mineral yield of Alaska in 1907 amounted to \$19,425,916.

In 1897 the value of our commerce with Hawaii amounted to \$18,377,874.

In 1907 it had increased 137%, to \$43,507,538.

In 1897 the value of our commerce with the Philippines amounted to \$4,478,337.

In 1907 it had increased 350%, to \$20,171,862.

The foreign trade tonnage of Hong Kong is greater than that of London or Liverpool.

The interchanged products of the United States and Chili in 1897 amounted to \$3,792,534.

In 1907 it had increased to \$18,287,029.

In 1897 the value of our commerce with Peru amounted to \$722,089.

In 1907 it had increased to \$4,958,202.

California now produces 20% of the crude oil of the United States, the present yearly production exceeding 20,000,000 barrels.

The value of the foreign commerce of Pacific Coast ports increased from \$75,000,000, in 1895, to \$183,169,438 in 1907.

San Francisco harbor has at least a hundred square miles of anchorage.

In 1907, 6900 steam vessels entered San Francisco Bay.

The average annual tonnage in and out of the port of San Francisco for the past five years exceeded 7,000,000 tons.

REMEMBER—South City is only 16 minutes from the business center of San Francisco.

E.O. Peck

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

San Francisco has had numerous celebrations and festivals in the past, but that which is promised by the Permanent Down Town Association of that city for the coming New Year's Eve is going to exceed anything that has ever attracted people to the metropolis, if the generations that are now going forward is any indication of what will be presented for the enjoyment of the public. Market Street, better and grander than the Market Street of old days, will be ablaze with light and resonant with sound, while bands will play from every vantage point, the whole culminating as the midnight bells chime the hour of the beginning of the New Year in a perfect pandemonium of music. Every band in San Francisco has already been engaged to play from early in the evening until after midnight, and in addition to the usual attraction of this great festival night of San Francisco, there will be parades and parading bands of frolic lovers and fun makers who will help to entertain the thousands of spectators who take this one night of the year to throw off their dignity and become again boys and girls in their enjoyment of the festal season.

New Year's Eve in San Francisco is one of the most unique celebrations because it is held at the time of the year when all other lands are held in the grasp of blizzard and storm. Here the mild climate makes the occasion perfect for festivity in the open air, and not even the famed Mardi Gras of New Orleans, nor the Carnival of Venice can vie with it for peculiar and entertaining amusement.

The matter of arranging a celebration which would at once cast all previous ones in the shade and also tell the world of San Francisco's reconstruction, has been taken by the merchants who have returned to their old localities, and if there is anyone in the State, or on the coast, who desires to

have his heart made glad and his mind carried back to the days when life was full of joys, all he has to do is to visit San Francisco on the day before New Years and stay over night, mingling with the throng of merry makers who will make a night of it. Arrangements have been made for full and complete police protection for everyone, and all hoodlum acts which have marred previous celebrations will be absolutely prevented.

Among the features of the night will be the parade of the great Chinese dragon, accompanied by Chinese bands and hundreds of Orientals in the picturesque costumes of their native land. There will also be an industrial parade, and taken all in all it will be an event that will repay any one for visiting San Francisco on the last day of the year. Market, Geary, Kearney, Stockton and Powell streets will be specially illuminated for the occasion and the whole city will be a mass of brilliancy, so far as the down district is concerned.

Meeting Last Night.

A meeting of the citizens and merchants of this city was held at Metropolitan Hall last evening. There was music, speeches and dancing. Judge McSweeney acted as chairman of the meeting and the speakers were: Dr. D. B. Plymire, C. F. Hamsher, E. E. Cunningham, Adolph Jacobs and E. I. Woodman. The purpose of the meeting was to impress upon the citizens of this city the advisability of doing everything possible to improve the sanitary conditions here and be loyal to the local mercantile interests. Time is too limited to publish the addresses made. A piano duet was rendered by Mrs. Robert Leonard and Miss Sands. Miss Cora Belle Veit sang a couple of solos. About 10:30 the floor was cleared for dancing.

A Chicago Magistrate ordered a man not to speak to his wife or permit her to speak to him for two weeks. Problem: Was the man convicted or acquitted?

Hand-made umbrella shawls make useful Christmas gifts. \$1 to \$3. W. C. Schneider.

BOARD OF HEALTH HOLDS MEETING

The newly-appointed local Board of Health held a regular meeting last Wednesday evening in Judge McSweeney's courtroom.

Dr. D. B. Plymire, who at a former preliminary meeting had been selected as president, called the meeting to order and made a few remarks. He thanked the Board for selecting him as its president and was very glad to be associated with such an energetic body of men in looking after the sanitary conditions of this growing city. He had had considerable experience in such work during the past year and felt confident that with the active aid of his fellow members this city will continue to be kept in a condition that it will be impossible for any contagious disease to gain much of a foothold.

The Board having investigated the sanitary condition of the two local school houses, will see to it that some improvements will be made.

The Board has notified property owners in the business district to make improvements in their sewers.

Several citizens were present at the meeting, among them being School Principal Geo. E. Britton and Frank Miner, who made very interesting addresses on sanitary matters.

MANY VICTIMS OF PTOMAIN POISONING

The San Francisco papers this week have published stories to the effect that hundreds of people were poisoned at Vallejo last Saturday as a result of eating the lunch served there on the occasion of the launching of the warship Prometheus. The writer received an invitation to be present at the launching, but was too busy to attend, as it was publication day of THE ENTERPRISE.

MAJORITY IN FAVOR OF RAISING SALARIES

A dispatch from Sacramento says that two votes is the majority for the constitutional amendment proposing to raise the salaries of State officers and clerks. It was supposed to have been beaten at the polls by 108 votes.

W. H. Govan, statistician in the office of the Secretary of State, whose salary is not affected by the amendment, was not satisfied with the returns from Sacramento County. The Supervisors had the machines opened for the thirteenth and sixteenth precincts of the Second District. In the former there was a gain of 10 votes and in the latter 100, due to clerical errors.

This is one of the closest finishes ever recorded on any proposition in California where all the electors had a chance to vote.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining on hand thirty days preceding December 7, 1908, E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

DOMESTIC

Ballad, John; Banelles, M.; Cetano, M.; Diperman, F.; Donohue, Wm.; Kaiser, Albert; Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. C.; Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo.; Landioni, J.; Lugea, Jos.; Malarkey, A.; Simpson, May; Wilhelm, Joseph.

FOREIGN

Caetoni, Giuseppe; Fontana, Luigi; Freggarro, Carlo; Fenner, Thomas; Genevrino, Ernesto; Jorgensen, Lars; Linoy, G.; Secondo, Attaggiano; Sordini, Carlo.

One hundred dollars will be given away by The Enterprise for 100 new subscribers. See ad. on page 6.

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Iron and Steel Trains.....	25c to \$1.00	Tin Stoves.....	10c and 25c
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Fire Engines and Hook and Ladder Trucks.....	75c to \$1.00	Tin Dishes.....	5c, 10c, 25c
Loop the Loop.....	25c and 50c	Toy Irons.....	5c, 10c, 25c
Tool Chests.....	40c to \$2.00	A B C Blocks.....	10c, 25c, 50c
Steel Express Wagons.....	30c to \$2.50	Rocking Horses for Babies.....	\$1.25
Coasters—Steel Axle Double Spoke Wheels.....	\$3.00	Carpet Sweepers.....	25c
Dressed Dolls (a large assortment).....	5c to \$2.50	The Fulton Printer (teaches children to spell).....	25c
Dolls (kid bodies).....	50c, 75c	Toy Brooms.....	10c
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